Being but heauie I will beare the light.
Mercu. Nay gẽtle *Romeo*, we must haue you dance.
Ro. Not I beleeue me, you haue dancing shooes
With nimble soles, I haue a soule of Leade
So stakes me to the ground I cannot moue.
Mer. You are a Louer, borrow *Cupids* wings,
And sore with them aboue a common bound.
Rom. I am too sore enpearced with his shaft,
To sore with his light feathers, and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch aboue dull woe,
Vnder loues heauie birthen do I sincke.
Horatio. And to sink in it should you burthen loue,
Too great oppression for a tender thing.
Rom. Is loue a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boystrous, and it pricks like thorne.
Mer. If loue be rough with you, be rough with loue
Prick loue for pricking, and you beate loue downe,
Giue me a case to put my visage in,
A visor for a visor, what care I
What curious eye doth cote deformities:
Here are the beetle browes shall blush for me.
Benu. Come knock and enter, and no sooner in,
But euery man betake him to his legs.
Ro. A torch for me, let wantons light of heart
Tickle the senceleſſe rushes with their heeles:
For I am prouerbd with a graunsire phrase,
Ile be a candle-holder and looke on,
The game was nere so faire, and I am dum.
Mer. Tut, duns the mouse, the Constables own word:
If thou art dun, weele draw thee from the mire
Or saue you reuerence loue, wherein thou stickest
Vp to the eares, come we burne daylight ho.
Ro. Nay thats not so.
Mer. I meane sir in delay
We waste our lights in vaine, lights lights by day:
Take our good meaning, for our indgement sits,

Fiue times in that, ere once in our fi
Ro. And we meane well in goin
But tis no wit to go.
Mer. Why, may one aske?
Rom. I dreampt a dreame to nig
Mer. And so did I.
Ro. Well what was yours?
Mer. That dreamers often lie.
Ro. In bed asleep while they do
Mer. O then I see Queene Mab
She is the Fairies midwife, and she
an Agot stone, on the forefinger o
a teeme of little ottame ouer mens
waggõ spokes made of lõg spinners
of Grashoppers, her traces of the sm
of the moonshines watry beams, h
lash of Philome, her waggoner, a
half so big as a round litle worme, p
a man. Her Charriot is an emptie H
squirrel or old Grub, time out amin
and in this state she gallops night by
and then they dreame of loue. On
on Curſies strait ore Lawyers finge
ore Ladies lips who strait one kisse
Mab with blisters plagues, bec
meates tainted are. Sometime she
and then dreames he of smelling o
she with a tithpigs tale, tickling a
then he dreams of an other Benefi
a souldiers neck, and then dreames
of breaches, ambuscados, spanish b
deepe, and then anon drums in h
wakes, and being thus frighted, sw
againe: this is that very Mab that p
night: and bakes the Elklocks i
once vntangled, much misfortune

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22323) LONDON, 1599 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (De.3.73)